

"VINDEX" AGAIN.

"VINDEX" is out with another pamphlet—if a man can be said to be "out" who writes under cover of an assumed name. He does not like my brief answer to his last. He says—or rather he quotes another anonymous person who says—that it was "provoking," but no answer at all. He accuses me of dreadful things—evasions and perversions of his meaning. He is charitable enough not to slaughter my moral character on the spot, as he could so easily do; he leaves a small loop-hole of escape for my personal integrity; but he utters the severe verdict that it was most discreditable to me that, under any circumstances, I should have done the things he describes.

And I survive? Well, yes. Taking one consideration with another I am not much moved by all this anonymous wrath. There is first what seems to me the weighty consideration that, where evasion is charged, there was nothing to evade; and, where perversion, that there was nothing worth perverting, had I been ten times the perverter I am so well known to be. There is also ground to conjecture that the shrill notes which "Vindex" utters from behind his wall, are not unconnected with the somewhat excessive efforts he was making to patch up his own case. Perhaps I can make these points clear even to the friends of that gentleman. I shall try. Let us glance at those

EVASIONS.

Please to remember, kind reader, what the position of affairs was when I came to consider what it was best to do with the pamphlet of "Vindex"—the first one, I mean. I had just concluded my own second pamphlet in reply to the Bishop of Ontario. Those who did me the honor to read what I wrote in reply to His Lordship are aware that I entered into the questions at issue at some length, and explained my own views pretty fully. So far as either the ethics or the courtesies of controversy were concerned there was no obligation resting on me to notice the pamphlet of "Vindex," who had come masked into a discussion in which